King. Heere, with a cup that's stur'd vnto the brim,
As you do loue, fill to your Mistresse lips,
VVe drinke this health to you.
Knights. VVe thanke your Grace.
King. Yet pause a while; yon Knight doth sit too melancholy,
As if the entertainment in our Court,
Had not a shew might counteruaile his worth:
Note it not you, *Thaisa*?
Thai. VVhat is't to me my father?
King. O, attend my daughter,
Princes in this, should liue like Gods aboue,
VVho freely giue to euery one that come to honour them:
And Princes not doing so, are like to Gnats,
VVhich make a sound, but kild, are wondred at:
Therefore to make his enterance more sweet,
Heere, say we drinke this standing boule of wine to him.
Thai. Alasse my father, it befits not me,
Vnto a stranger Knight to be so bold,
He may my proffer take for an offence,
Since men take womens gifts for impudence.
King. How? do as I bid you, or you'l moue me else.
Thai. Now by the Gods, he could not please me better.
King. And furthermore tell him, we desire to know of him,
Of whence he is, his name and Parentage.
Thai. The King my father (sir) hath drunke to you.
Per. I thanke him.
Thai. VVishing it so much blood vnto your life.
Per. I thanke both him and you, and pledge him freely.
Thai. And further, he desires to know of you,
Of whence you are, your name and parentage.
Per. A gentleman of *Tyre*, my name *Pericles*,
My education beene in Artes and Armes.
VVho looking for aduentures in the world,
VVas by the rough seas reft of ships and men,
And after ship-wracke, driuen vpon this shore,
Thai. He thankes your Grace; names himselfe *Pericles*,
A gentleman of *Tyre*, who onely by misfortune of the seas,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Pericles* (STC 26101) LONDON, 1619 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C